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 ENGLISH POETRY.

THE PRAISE OF OWAIN.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING ODE BY GWALCHMAI.

GRUFFYDD's noble son I sing,
 Cynan's heir*, high-gifted king :
 Owain his glorious name,
 Of bold and manful fame;
 Who in him aught might blame,
 Save his warm, impetuous ire,
 Warlike rage, and soul of fire ?

There, upon the battle-plain,
 Lion-like with gory hand,
 Where insulting terrors reign,
 Foremost signal see him stand :
 While on the carnage covered field
 His vanquished foes a bulwark yield
 To trembling fear, far as yon billowy strand †.

Two conflicts, pregnant with dismay,
 He fought, he gained, in one short day :
 Maesgarnedd's field of might,
 Astyrwedd's bloody fight ‡,
 Where valour shone so bright,
 And fiercest struggles marked the doubtful fray :
 Where slaughtered heaps on heaps were seen to soar,
 And prowling wolves hung round, to snatch their feast of
 gore.

* Owain Gwynedd was the son of Gruffydd ab Cynan, one of the most celebrated of the Welsh princes. Owain too, who reigned over North Wales thirty-two years, was not less distinguished by the valour of his martial achievements, in his several oppositions to the incursions of the English and other bordering enemies.—ED.

† The word, here translated "strand," is in the original *Morudd*, and which has been applied to the British Channel. Dr. Davies derives the word from *mor* and *rhudd*, red sea ; and Mr. Owen Pughe from *mor* and *udd*, the king's sea.—ED.

‡ Maesgarnedd is on the banks of the Maw near Dolgellau ; the situation of Ystrad Astyrwedd is not known. The name may possibly have reference to the same battle, as another engagement is mentioned in the following lines : and the poet speaks only of two.—ED.

Next a field of glorious fame,
 Where the furious torrent came,
 War's all-wasteful shower descending,
 Prostrate arms together blending,
 Like the whelming waves, that ride
 O'er some found'ring vessel's side :
 There, Loegria *, fought thy warriors, there to thee
 Came ruin and disgrace,—to Owain victory.

THE PROPHECY OF TALIESIN†.

Eu Ner a volant,
 Eu hiaith a gadwant,
 Eu tir a gollant
 Ond gwillt Walia.

Taliesin.

Still shall they chaunt their Maker's praise,
 Still keep their language and their lays,
 But nought of all their old domain,
 Save Wallia's rude and mountain reign.

HEARD ye that sound near Tywy's‡ stream ;
 Or was it but some mystic dream,
 That floats the pensive soul along,
 With its wild mimicry of song ?
 Ah, list again,—yon mountain dell
 Re-echoes to the tuneful spell :
 'Tis Urien's § mighty bard, that sings ;
 How proudly burst his patriot fires,
 As his loved country fills his wires,
 And all her sorrows mourn along his strings !

* England.—ED.

† The prophetic lines, on which this effusion is founded, and which are prefixed as its motto, are remarkable for having been in every respect so singularly fulfilled. And it may be hoped, that the prediction, contained in the second line, will acquire fresh force every day.—ED.

‡ The river Tywy runs through that part of South Wales, in which Taliesin is supposed to have spent the evening of his days. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. 1, p. 11.—ED.

§ Taliesin was, at one time, the bard of Urien Rheged, a Cumbrian chieftain, and who is supposed to have resided, during the close of his life, with Taliesin, among the disciples of Catwg, at Llancarvan.—ED.